

THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I

NUMBER 20

CARMEL BY THE SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
JUNE 27 1928
FIVE CENTS

CARMEL'S BIG WEEK

Keyed to concert pitch, Carmel enters the week of the greatest dramatic activity of its young life. New York and Chicago may present a wan between-season play or two, transferring their social life to the country club and the tennis court or the front porch. But Carmel has no front porches. Or if it had, it would have no time to use them. For half of Carmel is busy at rehearsal.

Half of Carmel, we said, is busy in the plays—if not in the cast, then preparing stage settings, lighting, and the adjuncts of the art.

But where are the other four-fifths? Well, they are so busy going from one delightful dramatic performance to the other that at this rate it will almost be necessary to go to the city for a rest from the social activities of the country-side.

In order to untangle the days of the week on which these dramatic events happen, the Carmelite has prepared a Schedule for First Nighters, as follows:

Wednesday, June 27:

Ann Mundstock, dancer with the picture "Metropolis" at the Golden Bough.

Thursday, June 28:

"The Whole Town's Talking" at the Carmel Playhouse. (Second nighters take each one later.)

Friday and Saturday at the Manzanita. Movies.

Sunday, July 1:

A day of blessed Sabbath rest. Lecture by Sara Bard Field.

Monday, July 2:

"The Taming of the Shrew" at the Forest Theater. Garnet Holme directing.

Tuesday, July 3:

"Ten Nights in a Barroom" at the Golden Bough. Ankrum directing.

Wednesday, July 4:

Final night of the plays. Shoot off your firecrackers and fire the big gun.



Photograph by Startman

ALDEN ALMSTEAD AS PETRUCHIO IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

"Where be these knaves? What, no men at the door to hold my stirrup, nor take my horse!"

—Petruchio

The City . . .

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

A courteous but indignant gentleman, whom we shall not name, but who was until recently M-y-r of this t-w-n, came in yesterday to withdraw the advertisement of his h-t-l from the Carmelite. His reason being that he didn't agree with our views!

THAT CITY ENGINEER AGAIN

My friend and neighbor, Mr. George Wood has written a very good open letter to the Carmelite on the subject of "Why Carmel Does Not Need a Resident Engineer on a Fixed Salary," and states that "the condition of the city finances will not permit of a salaried engineer" even if it needed one.

In the same issue, Colonel Clair Foster answers this open letter in an effective way, from the viewpoint of a practical engineer, explaining in simple words, which any layman can comprehend, the misunderstanding which Mr. Wood holds concerning the meaning of "surveying," "establishing grades," and the duties of an engineer in general. So that's that!

I have made a careful reading of Mr. Wood's letter, and it seems to me to bring out three important facts.

1. The city trustees employ a non-resident engineer of "complete professional and civic integrity." He is paid a certain percentage on all the jobs of street-paving, sewers, and other public works undertaken by the city council. So he costs the CITY nothing (He cost the property owners over seven thousand dollars for the sewers last year).

2. "The planning commission is authorized by law to employ any needed help, and pay it out of the budget." (This tax can cost you six thousand dollars this year).

3. "The Sanitary Board is a separate unit . . . and is not in the least interested in whether Carmel has an engineer or not."

MRS., MISS, and MR. TAXPAYER, read over these three statements, 1, 2, and 3 again, and let them sink into your minds!

The business of the city is supposed to be run in at least a semi-efficient way. BUT, here we have three separate bodies attending to our affairs. We pay every cent of the taxes supporting the first two, and over ninety per cent of those levied by the Sanitary Board. Yet those in authority are so bound up by red tape in the form and ceremonies of governing us, that they tell us that each of our boards, in order to function properly, must employ its own engineer. Think of it! Three engineers to carry on the work necessary in little old Carmel!

Now then. Just at the present time it is possible to get a "properly qualified man of complete professional and civic integrity" residing in Carmel, for three hundred and fifty dollars per month. A man who

can easily attend to the engineering problems of all three of the Carmel boards, and still have a lot of time to spare for establishing needed grades and surveys. Such an engineer can easily save for the city of Carmel as much as his salary comes to. The Committee of Forty, a group of disinterested and non-partisan taxpayers and property owners, is now working on the problem of cutting out the red tape and making it possible for Carmel to have a resident engineer on a salary. As soon as this has been clearly worked out, we will put it up to the people.

This may not solve all our problems, but it will certainly save for the taxpayers a nice slice out of the fat jobs that have been given out in Carmel in the past few years. In the words of Mr. Wood, "For heaven's sake, let us start right!"

—William P. Silva

That The People May Know

The city engineer employed under the law on a percentage of the cost of jobs, costs the city **NOTHING**.

But he was paid over seven thousand dollars last year by the property owners on whom the sewer job was put over.

* * * *

On January third of this year, the city paid thirty-five hundred dollars for **TWO** lots on which to store the city street equipment. And yet, we are still paying ten dollars a month rental for **ONE** lot for this purpose. You see, those two high-priced, gilt-edged lots, are so badly situated down in the hole, that the city equipment can not be gotten down to them, even the caterpillar tractor! No wonder we haven't funds for the salary of a resident engineer! Somebody please write us an open letter about this.

—William P. Silva

PRIZE PLAY TO BE SELECTED AUGUST FIRST

The Theatre of the Golden Bough, announces the offer of a fifty dollar prize for the best play by a California author, known or unknown, to be handed in by August 1. The accepted play is to be directed by Morris Ankrum at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, the latter part of August.

APPROACH OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

Before we next go to press, the first firecracker will have boomed in salute to the day of Patriots and Revolutionists. Flags will wave, and over the radio we shall hear the perorations of orator and politician.

In Carmel we shall spend the day by the sea under the trees, forgetting the patriotic ardors of cities, so distant to our mood in times of peace. Or who knows, perhaps, honoring the courage, the imagination, and the vitality, of our forbears whom this holiday celebrates, we may plot still further revolutions?

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

JUNE

27 **Theatre of the Golden Bough** — Ann Mundstock, modern dancer, and UFA picture "Metropolis," 7:00 p. m.
28-29 **Carmel Playhouse** — "The Whole Town's Talking," comedy by Anita Loos and John Emerson, 8:30 p. m.
30 **Community Dance** — Sunset School Auditorium, 9:00 to 12:00 p. m.

JULY

1 **Divine Service** — All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
1 **Baseball** — Three Abalone League games in Carmel Woods, 1:00, 2:15, 3:00 p. m.
1 **Women's International League** — Open meeting at Unity Hall. Sara Bard Field, speaker, 8:00 p. m.
2-3-4 **Forest Theater** — "The Taming of the Shrew," Garnet Holme, directing, 8:15 p. m.
3-4-5 **Theatre of the Golden Bough** — "Ten Nights in a Barroom," comedy-melodrama, Morris Ankrum, directing, 8:30 p. m.
4 **National Holiday** — Annual Fourth of July Tournament, Del Monte Golf Course.

WE CONTINUE TO ACKNOWLEDGE OUR FAULTS

Others acknowledge our flaws. Why not we? In the issue of June thirteenth, the Carmelite omitted from the poem "Coastlands," by Caroline Blackman, a line whose absence marred the poem. The stanza before the last should have read:

I have closed up the mouths of these
that would surely devour me.
With the teeth of my words I have
eaten their ravening will.

STORY HOUR FOR CHILDREN

There will be a Story Hour for Children at the Harrison Library next Friday, June 29th. Miss Wilhelmina Harper, who will conduct it, has for many years been connected with children's schools and camps all over the country, and has written a child's reader, recently published, illustrated by Maude and Miska Petersham. The Story Hour will start at 2 p. m.

GOLF ON THE FOURTH

Ladies as well as men will participate in this year's Fourth of July golf tournament at Hotel Del Monte. Special flights for the feminine "divotees" have been announced and there will be plenty of trophies for women winners as well as for the conquering males.

This important annual tourney starts with qualifying rounds, Wednesday, July 4. First and second rounds of match play in flights of sixteen are scheduled for Thursday, July 5, with semis and finals, Sunday, July 6.

Jesse Lynch Williams received, last week, a copy of the Southern Churchman addressed to CARNELL, CAL.

Carmel News

SARA BARD FIELD TO BE IN CARMEL THIS WEEK

Sara Bard Field is a poet, who, unlike most poets, looks like one, talks like one and, rarer still, lives like one. She is to come here to speak for the Women's International League on Sunday evening, and her subject will be, that we can make peace. It will be an eloquent address. She got her practice as a speaker in the woman's suffrage campaign, when for all those years she was used as the most finished orator in the movement.

She was especially chosen for those occasions when woman wished to make an impression of dignity, force and grace.

Born and bred a Quaker, she served with her first husband in India as a missionary. Home again, she was drawn into the American movements, Labor and Woman; she was one of the delegation that presented to President Wilson the petition for women's votes; she was one who always fought for the underdog.

Her first book of poems "The Pale Woman" was published last year and highly commended by the critics.

Her husband now is Charles Erskine Scott Wood, U. S. Army Colonel, retired; ex-corporation attorney, painter and poet, and always a liberal—even too liberal for the liberals. His satirical essays "Heavenly Discourse" have sold over 50,000 copies recently.

INTERNATIONALISTS HOLD OPEN MEETING

Sara Bard Field will speak before the meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, at Unity Hall, Sunday, July 1st. Her topic will be "Peace is Possible." The meeting is open to the public.

THE INFANT PRODIGY AT PLAY

Yehudi Menuhin spent Friday and Saturday in Carmel with his friend Louis Persinger, jr. and his brother, Rolf. But the responsibility of being the world's greatest child violinist is not all it's cracked up to be when it comes to having a good time. Yehudi has to wear gloves when he digs in the sand, and must stop running when his father calls after him "Yehudi, relax your speed a little!"

ALL ABALONE TEAMS WINNERS

We had lived in Carmel now for many months and never been to an Abalone League game. It was high time we went. Attaching our young son by one hand, and grasping the steering wheel of the old Chevrolet (1923 model) in the other, we drove firmly up the hill and around the curve to the ball grounds.

There upon the grass were the elite of the town, sprawled in the graceful attitudes of Sabbath abandon on the grass, and taking

their turn at the bat or the out-field as the case might be.

There was an air of general intimacy. Frankness was the keynote of the remarks addressed by the applauding by-standers and sitters to the players. Small Mexican boys pressed their noses against the wire netting of the back-stop, inhibited by the rules of caste from setting foot on the sacred soil within the pale. But mothers publicly spanked their children in the gay spirit of camaraderie that prevailed.

The democracy of the game destroyed all distinctions except between the good player and the not-so-good. And even that didn't matter. Certainly it didn't matter whether you were a clerk or an architect or a policeman; man or woman or youngster.

Three games we saw; and as far as we were concerned, they all won. We applauded every good hit on all sides.

The delicious part of it was that they had a good old-fashioned squabble toward the end—all crowding up around the umpire, and shouting very indignantly about something or other.

The solemnities and the tensions of ordinary life somehow vanish on the ball ground. You leave bereft of some of your pet personal indignations.

We are privately hoping that our small boy will insist on being taken to the ball game again.

People . . .

COMMUNITY CHURCH LECTURE

Professor Preston R. Search will lecture on his experiences on the Chautauqua platform, Friday evening at eight, in the Community Church. In addition there will be a fifteen-minute dramatic sketch, with Mrs. Terwilliger, Muriel Watson, and Joyce Uzzell. Everybody is invited.

COMING

Miss Helen Freeman of Pasadena, who has been spending her summers here for a number of years, will arrive next week.

Dr. Unger, psycho-analyst from Los Angeles, is resting here for two weeks.

Leslie Tooker, who has been spending the last month in New York, and at the Naval Academy's graduation exercises at Annapolis, returns here with her uncle, Lester Fulton, of Chicago, about July 5th.

Henry Cowell, modern composer-pianist, spent a fraction of the week in Carmel. It is only a few years since this was a struggling young composer burning with ideas. Now he is accepted, his "tone clusters" an acknowledged important contribution to musical development. And as his old friends say, "Henry is real folks now."

Mr. Cowell will return to give a piano recital on July 13th.

Personal Bits . . .

Mrs Marie Gordon who has been working for the past several weeks on the leading part, "Katherine" in "The Taming of the Shrew," has had to give up her appearance in the play because of the illness of her mother. She has taken her mother to San Francisco for an emergency operation, and will remain there with her during her mother's recuperation.

The Ralph Skenes have been hosts this week to an Englishwoman, Miss Judson, who is an active member in her country of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom. Teas and other affairs of welcome have taken place in her honor during the week at the homes of the Hartleys, of Miss Anne Martin, and of the H. F. Dickinsons.

The Blackman tribe, now nine in number since the arrival in Carmel of Mr. Horton Blackman, his wife and three children from St. Louis, and Miss Elsa Blackman from Berkeley, expects to spend ten days at Big Sur, in the Trail Club Lodge several miles below Pfeiffer's. They plan to leave some time after July 5th.

It is not so often that members of the Carmelite staff can manage expensively to dine out among the elite. Yet she did somehow manage it, this Staff Artist of ours. And behold, there sat in all their glory, Garnet Holme, Irene Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin McGaw, Zanetta Catlett, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ankrum,—all guests of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. It was then she drew forth her ever-faithful pencil, and made the notation (below) of

ANKRUM ON THE COB



—V. T.

The Theatre . . .

OSCAR WILDE CONTINUES A PERMANENT CONTEMPORARY

The satirical charm of Oscar Wilde, and the prickling wit of a farce totally sophisticated and delightfully improbable,—these were cleverly presented last week by the Golden Bough Players upon a stage whose setting provided added distinction.

Crisp, polished, and exquisite in its studied artificiality, the performance nevertheless maintained a bright, hard freshness.

Baldwin McGaw, as Algy, brilliantly set the key of the play. The pitch very high. The tempo very fast. Every artificiality of tone and gesture heightened to that charming Nth degree.

Tommi Thomson, cleverly as Gwendolen, Houghton Furlong as Ernest, Emily McGaw as the delectable Cecily, added to the clean spontaneity of a play which allows not one natural gesture.

The thing of course glitters with epigrams, as the Milky Way with stars. Against the pointed word-play of Algy, the handsome heavier wit of Lady Bracknell, played by Dorothy Ledyard, and the authentic caricature of the governess by Wendy Green, contrasted well. Excellent as solemn non-participants in the satire, were the minor characters of the butlers and the clergymen.

Played with a finish which reflected its professional direction by an artist, the crisp, taffeta-like texture of the farce was enhanced by its setting. For in this also Stanley Wood somehow achieved a bright and brilliant irony.

—P. G. S.

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING

Carmel's crowded summer theatrical season begins tomorrow night when "The Whole Town's Talking" opens at the Carmel Playhouse for a three night run. The play is a comedy farce written by Anita Loos, (author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") together with her actor-manager husband, John Emerson. It is sophisticated modern comedy about the younger set. No problems are concerned or sexy stories involved.

Geo. Ball is directing "The Whole Town's Talking." He has selected the cast from Carmel's vivacious younger set. Jack Mulgardt and Mary Marble, who broke into the Carmel spotlight after their score in "Saturday's Children" have the leads with Jack essaying the chief comedy role. Geo. Ball offers Jack the comedy situations, together making a strong team.

An all-Carmel cast is in the show, seven of the twelve being new to the local stage. Others in the cast are Marian Todd, Virginia Rockwell, George Aucourt, Gordon Greene, Sue Parker, Jane Foster, Gallatin Powers, Mildred Bannerman, and Hildreth Masten.

EVERY MOTHER, FATHER HUSBAND, DAUGHTER AND SON, SHOULD SEE IT!

It is seventy years since "Ten Nights in a Barroom" first saw the gas-lights, according to "The Outlook" of May 16, which has a full page article on this ancient melodrama. The writer goes on to say: "We must suppose this must be one reason why this has been revived—the other, no doubt, being prohibition. Certainly, no one can see this lively old melodrama without doing some hard thinking. Evidences of the tar brush of the propagandist are all over it. It is a tract. But it is also a genuine melodrama of the heartstrings with a curious punch, and somewhere in it a dramatic sincerity which makes it impossible for you to laugh it all off."

The terrible drunkard, the drunkard's wife and little daughter, Simon Slade the innkeeper, Harvey Green with his black mustache—they will all be there with "Father, dear father, come home with me now," and other music of the period sung with poignant feeling and gesture.

The Outlook article just quoted was written of the New York production of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." This production at the Wallack Theatre has been packing houses for a long time. Recently there were comments in the San Francisco Chronicle and in the Examiner about the midnight performances of the play, and appreciative enjoyment of it in the New York Times. Just this year, too, The Triangle Players of New York have produced the play, and numerous other little theatres throughout the country. All this only goes to show how thoroughly the public enjoys a revival of this sort, and especially at this time, when the whole world is talking about prohibition! The production at the Golden Bough will be done true to the old time, with the painted curtain, the make-shift footlights, and all the old asides and songs.

Houghton Furlong, who played Ernest in "The Importance of Being Earnest" will take the part of Joe Morgan, the drunkard. Eugene Watson will be the philanthropist, and Margenette Meldrim (lovely name) will be little Mary. The full cast, including William Titmas, Francis Montgomery, Guy Koepp, Tommi Thomson, John Wentworth, Chuc Chadsey and Betty Lawrence is having an amazing good time acting in the old time manner. "Ten Nights in a Barroom" will play Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights July 3, 4, 5 at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

THEATRE GUILD MEMBERSHIPS

Mrs. Madge Morrow will receive memberships for the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough, at a dollar or more. Box number 194.

He who lives shall learn: that is an expensive proposition.

THE CARMELITE, June 27, 1928

THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH "METROPOLIS"

—and—
NATURE REEL
Both UFA Films
—with—

ANN MUNDSTOCK MODERN DANCER

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
JUNE 27 and 28 at 7:00
Admission 35 and 50 cents

JULY 3 - 4 - 5

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM"

Directed by Morris Ankrum
Admission \$1.00, \$1.50

Tickets on sale at Stanifords,
Theatre Box Office and Palace
Drug Co., Music Department,
Monterey. Phone 211

Carmel Playhouse

Abalone League Theatre

Tomorrow, Friday and Saturday—

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING

comedy-farce, directed by Geo. Ball

By Anita Loos, John Emerson

JUNE 28, 29, 30

Seats: 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50 — No Tax

ANN MUNDSTOCK, ULTRA-MODERN DANCER, HERE WITH "METROPOLIS"

The Theatre of the Golden Bough announces "Metropolis," the motion picture which many have considered the greatest achievement of the cinema. It is not a new picture, but represents that triumph of accomplishment that makes a repeat worth while. Like Dr. Caligari, it has been shown this year again in New York as a significant production, and has just closed a long repeat run in San Francisco. "Metropolis" deals with the machine age, and is most remarkable in photography. It is a Ufa film, made by the producers of "Variety" and "The Last Laugh." With it is coming Ann Mundstock, a modern dancer, pupil of the famous Rudolph von Laban, who is said to be revolutionizing the dance in Europe. Miss Mundstock, who is a thorough modernist, will give as a prologue to the film a dance composition.

Miss Mundstock says: "This dance is accompanied solely by the rhythm of a drum or gong—absolutely disassociated from the descriptive or literal. Absolute dance has afforded the masses of continental Europe an avenue of escape from the artificial existence in crowded cities. The movement is gaining acceptance in America."

MANZANITA THEATER

Wednesday - Thursday, June 27-28

BEN HUR

Greatest Picture of All Time

Friday, June 29

BEBE DANIELS

in "THE 50-50 GIRL"

Saturday, June 30

FINGER PRINTS

With Helen Costello

Sunday - Monday, July 1-2

MARION DAVIES

in "THE PATSY"

Tuesday, July 3

ADOLPHE MENJOU in

A NIGHT OF MYSTERY

Wednesday - Thursday, July 4-5

HAROLD LLOYD

in "SPEEDY"

GOLDEN STATE THEATER

Telephone: MONTEREY 1300

Thursday - Friday, June 28 - 29

GLORIA SWANSON

in "SADIE THOMPSON"

Saturday, June 30

RICHARD DIX

in "EASY COME - EASY GO"

Sunday, July 1

"FLYING ROMEOS"

FIVE ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE

Monday - Tuesday, July 2 - 3

CLARA BOW

in "LADIES OF THE MOB"

Wednesday, July 4th

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PROGRAM

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman

in "THE MAGIC FLAME"

FIVE ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

PATTY MORA IN RECITAL

Johan Hagemeyer is opening his studio on Saturday, and Patty Mora will be heard, against the background of his prints, in an informal recital of piano music.

The Theatre . . .

FULL CAST:

"TAMING OF THE SHREW,"
FOREST THEATER, CARMEL,
JULY 2, 3, 4, GARNET HOLME,
DIRECTING

PLAYERS:

Baptista (a rich gentleman of Verona)	Philip Wetherall
Vincentio (an old gentleman of Pisa)	Tom Bickle
Petruchio (son of Vincentio)	Alden Almstead
Cremio (an old suitor of Bianca's)	William Shepard
Hortensio (a young suitor for Bianca)	Fletcher Dutton
Tranio (servant to Lucentio)	Kurt Keltner
Grumio (servant to Petruchio)	Elliot Durham
Curtis (housekeeper for Petruchio)	Mrs. Simpkins
Nathaniel	Harry Leon Wilson, Jr.
Walter the cook	Pat Greene
The tailor	L. D. Whiffen
Katherina	Annen von Gaal
Bianca	Lexie Grant
The widow	Kit Cooke
Dancers, guests and attendants;	Hans Ankersmit, Edward O'Brien, Fritz Wurzman, Dave Cooke, Pat Greene, Phil Wilson, Ray Browne, Don Holme, Helen Wilson, Jr., Josephine Dibrell, Kathleen Campbell, Elaine Carter, Helen Willard, Ada Whiffen, Betty Ankersmit, Mary Ingels.

STAFF:

Music	Thomas Vincent Cator
Scenery	Homer Emens
Dances	Zara Lee Koepp
Stage Manager	Henry F. Dickinson, Jr.
Lights	Clay Otto
Props	Mrs. Bruce Monahan
Costumes	Goldstine
Publicity	Helen Faulkner
General director	Garnet Holme

The unsung heroes of the Forest Theater, are, after many seasons of obscurity, come to light for their due share of appreciation. We extend a hand to the Clean-up Force which every year unearths the theater from its winter accumulation of pine-needles, and prepares it for the summer festivities. Harry Dickinson and many others are devoting all their time these days to setting up the stage-plans for the "Taming of the Shrew;" and there are several weeks of work ahead, cleaning up after that production, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of July, and preparing for "Herod," and later, "Inchling."

The Woodside Library will remain open, for the circulation of books, despite the summer absence of Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer. Its very small fee constitutes an invitation to summer guests to make use of its excellent collection of books—modern and otherwise.

The Arts . . .

AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

Johan Hagemeyer announces the first exhibit in his own studio, July 1st to 10th. The portraits of many distinguished persons of particular interest to Carmel and the coast, such as Sara Bard Field, Colonel A. E. S. Wood, and Lincoln Steffens, as well as some of new still life studies and landscapes, will be shown. The studio will be open every afternoon from two to five o'clock.

EXPLORATION NOT EXPERIMENTATION

Though I usually respect the sanctity of anyone's vacation, I went to call on Johan Hagemeyer.

During the studio chat, I saw pictures. The word photograph is not colorful enough to express what I saw.

Beautiful in balance, in composition and line. Unusual in effect many of them—if you will. But so strong. So sure.

His portraits. Very personal and representative of the sitter, but also things of interest for their worth as compositions. Only an artist of experience, one who has lived, could reach the core of each person's individuality as Johan Hagemeyer has done.

I thought I could see what he was doing, but I was impudent enough to ask him what he was trying to do. I felt in his work (seen in progress) new paths opening. New channels for expression. My title is the substance of his reply.

He is not experimenting, because he knows, every moment. The things are sure within himself before they appear as an ultimate result. But he is exploring. The adventurer. Within the limits of a fixed medium, over whose boundaries he does not attempt to step. He gives that medium no artificial aid, such as trick lighting etc. Nothing but the thing itself in all its sincerity.

—Alberte Spratt.

CHARLTON FORTUNE EXHIBITS LANDSCAPES HERE

An exhibition of landscapes by Charlton Fortune which has been on a six months' tour under the direction of the Western Association of Museum Directors, will be shown in the Carmel Art Gallery from the first to the fifteenth of July.

Miss Fortune has been a winner of exhibition prizes in San Francisco, San Diego, and Paris. After an absence of several years abroad, she has recently returned to live in Monterey. The pictures are landscapes painted in Provence, Cornwall, and on the Scottish coast.

A merciful Providence fashioned us holler In order that we might our principles swallow. —James Russell Lowell.

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CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

LAUGH, CARMEL, LAUGH.

There is something wrong in Carmel, very wrong, and I think I can put my finger on the root of the wrong because I am a newcomer here. Anyone that has lived long in Carmel must have become part of the wrong, and, therefore, blind to it, and my fear is that if I stay here long I may become serious too. I may cease to enjoy life and Carmel as I do now.

And that's what's the matter with Carmel: that it does not laugh enough. Not that it's arty; not that it groups; not even that it is cliquish. Every great city and every small town I have ever lived in in any country is all of these things. But Paris laughs at Paris, New York has humor for New Yorkers, and the Chinese of Peking smile at themselves. But the Carmelites, like the Russians and like the good citizens of Greenwich, Connecticut, do not laugh at their neighbors: they would like to kill them, or their theatre, or their city plan, or their school, or their newspaper, or their false ideas of art. And, as for laughing at themselves—I see men and women who have tried to do something, something really beautiful or for the common good—I see them moping along, sad and disillusioned—just because the other defected idealists did not drop their stupid good intentions for the right ones.

These funny people do not stop to think that their own ideas could not be so very right, else they would have been crucified, not merely licked and scorned, but killed. These funny people do not realize that each of them, after me, is the most absurd person in Carmel, and that by looking into the mirror, he could learn, not only to laugh at himself, but to see that his neighbors are not to be despised, but enjoyed.

Just now for example, the conflict between the two local theatre groups is coming to the breaking point, and the stronger theatre can and probably will kill the weaker. Too bad. Too ridiculous. Too earnest

by far. Two theatres are better than one; three better than two. In Vladivostock, during the first phase of the Revolution, there broke forth scores of little theatres, most of them without audiences, with nothing but players who played to one another. Played. To argue that Carmel is too small or too—something—to make one theatre a success, is to miss the point—and a laugh.

Amateurs are serious. That is their virtue and their power too. They not only despise the old, they know what the new theatre should be exactly. Yes, the young idealist is terrible. And of course it is going to be terribly funny to watch him try and suffer and pay; we'll have to laugh at that to keep from weeping.

He and his kind, all the idealists, whether in art or in politics, in marriage or in life, are going to split into factions and fight and kill off one another's theatres. And the faction that wins, being the only one, will split, passionately, into two groups, both of which are wrong or right. We shall have our two or three theatres all right. We shall have our waves of new and fresh, and our old and stale idealists. Meanwhile, we shall have always—I believe and hope—a community in which we can let our children grow up aware, at least, that there is such a thing as art.

It is all right. Men don't run the universe, the citizens of Carmel do not govern Carmel. Something else has its way in the end. But, meanwhile, knowing this, we can, by reminding ourselves of it now and then—we can hate a little less, we can be not quite so ruthless and earnest: we might even let the Golden Bough go on, and boost it, and the Abalones too. Or, if that is beyond the capacity of our wit, we might use the occasion to learn to laugh at our own limitations. —Lincoln Steffens.

MORE ABOUT NURSERY SCHOOLS

Mrs. H. V. Christiansen, Supervisor of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Schools, was in Carmel over the week-end and had conferences with Mrs. Breinig of the Cass Street Nursery School and parents interested in pre-school education.

In the exchange of experiences it was instructive to find that small children respond everywhere to the opportunities modern nursery school education gives them—whether those children be Spanish, Italian, Japanese or American.

Miss Christiansen is especially interested in the child's reaction to music: she never forces any child to listen, but just plays and sings, and some time every child does leave its occupation and come to the piano. The reason why nursery school education is making such strides is because no one knows yet what is right. They are all experimenting and learning, learning, learning and with them the children learn too. Miss Christiansen, who had taught for a number of years in kindergarten and primary grades, went to Columbia for a special course in nursery work; is now supervising six schools in San Francisco, and training her own teachers.

THE CARMELITE, June 27, 1928

HOLLYWOOD REVISITED

Lucita Squier (Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams) has returned to Carmel from a trip to Hollywood. She worked there for six years, half a dozen years ago, and since 1922 has been doing film work in many European countries. She stayed with Colleen Moore and met many of her other old friends, mostly writers and scenarists.

Miss Squier found Hollywood immensely changed. "I didn't know one shop, one house, one street," she marvelled; "there wasn't a single landmark left to help me find my way. The whole of Beverley Hills was new to me; places that were busy studio lots in my time are now deserted and vacant fields."

She found the conditions of work very different. "They don't go on location as much as they used to: instead they build miniature sets—even of gardens, forests, oceans. The studios have their own lighting too, and don't have to depend on the sun for exterior shots. A day of fog doesn't waste everybody's time and thousands of dollars any more."

More people take part in the writing of a photoplay. Miss Squier used to do a script and it would be accepted or rejected—whole. Now ten, twelve, twenty people's ideas have to be incorporated while a script is being written, and it is changed and changed "almost on principle, one would think" puzzled this old scenario hand.

There was great interest in Russia. Miss Squier has just come back from five years among the peasants, and had many stories to tell, of which they could not hear enough. "And the questions were very intelligent. People are wrong when they think of Hollywood as stupid. I took a lot of my Russian costumes down and the girls wanted to wear them all the time. Colleen wore one to a party and everyone wanted to snatch it off her back."

One interesting resemblance to Russia, Miss Squier found. On one star actress set not a single worker, from director to cameraman, was over thirty. They believe in and encourage youth, change, new ideas.

Talking movies are agitating the cinema town intensely. Will they succeed, or will they go the way of color movies? Will they throw stars out of work? Will they revolutionize the screen? But though no one can foretell, no one dares be a minute behind anyone else, and so every studio is installing a "talkie" machine. Metro-Goldwyn is building a new, soundless stage, actors and actresses are taking vocal lessons.

Many other interesting observations Miss Squier had to make, and stories to tell of the movie folk she met—Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Lilian Tashman, Carmelita and Tom Geraghty, Lila Lee. Her enthusiasm was like everyone's enthusiasm who visits this young, growing, moving, new, overflowing world, going through the birth-pangs of an art.

—E. W.

WHAT THEY THINK OF
THE CARMELITE

"Sorry. We must confess, we find it too heavy and highbrow altogether."

* * * *

"Don't for heavens sake make it any lighter. It's quite light enough!"

* * * *

"I read it from cover to cover. I'm especially glad you've revived the Cymbal's World News Column."

* * * *

"Why print World News? Who on earth wants world news?"

* * * *

"I'd like a little less self-consciousness and a lot more salt in the dish—meaning not so much obvious humor as Humor. Seems as if there were more of the stuff in you all than out in print."

* * * *

"I think you girls are making a darn good sheet. Maybe I'll have to revise my opinion of Carmel."

"TAMING OF THE SHREW"

FOREST THEATER, JULY 2, 3, 4

Known nationally as Pageant Master of United States National Parks, Holme has put on some of California's finest dramatic work, notably the colorful spectacle at Yosemite, at Casa Grande, at the Pinnacles and at Sequoia National Park. He founded the Mountain Play on Tamalpais sixteen years ago and directed it until 1926 when press of business forced him to pass the work on to others. He has written and produced several historical pageants centering about the missions of Carmel, San Juan Capistrano and Sonoma. Each year in November he goes to Palm Springs to present his desert play, "Tahquitz." Over 100,000 spectators have already seen his adaption of the Ramona story, given each spring at Hemet.

Unique among pageants is Holme's Assyrian spectacle which can never be repeated in the lifetime of those who saw it in 1923. The plot is so arranged that its climax coincides with a total eclipse of the sun. A gaunt priest rings out his warning, "You have angered your gods!" and in the following silence the eclipse blots out the sun's rays.

It was Holme who was called upon by Herbert Heron in 1910 to present "David," the first Forest Theater play at Carmel, and he has since been associated with the whole Carmel theatre movement. Among that first cast were Herbert Heron, William Overstreet, A. Vachell and Helen Cook (now Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson), whose son and daughter appear in "The Taming of the Shrew."

People with trouble above the waist-line are cheerful. When the trouble is below the belt they become lugubrious.

—R. A. Kocher.

Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

—Horace Walpole

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July 2, 3, and 4

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Peter's Paragraphs

An article has appeared in the London "Nation" called "Facing Facts." It is a review of Judge Ben B. Lindsey's books "The Revolt of Modern Youth," and "The Companionate Marriage." The author of the article, Ray Strachey, ends with this paragraph:

Is there not really a parallel problem here, and are we not behaving like ostriches if we deny it? No one who has anything to do with young people, and who has eyes to see, can deny that the old conventions have lost their force. No one who reads the evidence given before the Street Offences Commission this year can fail to notice that the old problem of prostitution is being altered by the freedom now taken by "respectable" girls. No one can watch modern dancing, read modern novels, or talk with modern girls without seeing that the whole system of ignoring and suppressing sex has been discarded, and that a system of frankness and recognition of its existence has come instead. And since this is so it had better be openly stated. We need a Judge Lindsey here to tell us the truth.

* * * *

England never believes as ill of herself as America does of herself. Even when it was shown by public investigation, that titles were sold, the Englishman's reverence for a knight, a baron or a lord, did not wane.

* * * *

But there is a lesson for America in this Nation article. Judge Lindsey is held in high esteem by some people, but mercilessly condemned by others. His reputation is not safe and respectable as that of, let us say, Mr. Hoover. But if England takes him up and makes much of him, and writes about his work in their "respectable" journals, many Americans will revise their opinions of the "Little Judge."

* * * *

A man can be himself a work of art, but it takes God or an artist or a child to appreciate it. The man himself can't and the critics won't.

* * * *

Factions are inevitable in a community, large or small. They are not to be regretted or united, but only enjoyed. They illustrate what this paper said last week: the world is divided into people who think they are right.

* * * *

Nature develops laughter along with mind, to save our reason, which is a comic, not a serious gift. That's why the one, unfailing, forgotten test of truth is that it's funny.

There is no truth in a sneer. It is nothing but a symptom.

* * * *

Carmel, like the rest of this confused post-war world, is seeking a religion, something beyond knowledge, to believe. A mistake. Ignorance is a blessing. It's a hole in our minds which, precisely because it aches, would make us keen for the news of our ever-increasing knowledge (if we would treat our mental vacuum as we used to preserve our physical virginity, as a precious mate for the ideal lover—Truth). To stop it with a creed is like marrying a husband—any husband—to settle down.

* * * *

But men do not seek the truth. It is the truth that pursues men who run away and will not look around.

* * * *

Monterey, the mother of the Peninsula, has as much more character than Carmel, Pebble Beach and the Highlands—artistically—as a fine old gentleman than his sons.

* * * *

A sculptor, asked to soften the wrinkles in an old face that told its story, exclaimed: "What! take away the lines that that man has labored all his life to model? Not on your life!"

* * * *

"Most people" said Anatole France "love to love art. Mais moi, j'aime l'art." (But I—I love art.) Most people trust their eyes as little as they trust their intuition. A journalist, invited to look at some rare Indian paintings, asked another artist standing by (before the pictures had been shown) "Now, Mr. D, what is good about these?" He would have liked to like the pictures.

* * * *

Baussmann, author of "Let France Explain" and "Facing Europe," called on Mr. Lincoln Steffens recently. The first book was published in England and gave the author trouble in both England and France. The other was suppressed after a week of life in America. It was published by the Century Company. Both books deal with the danger of future wars.

The French have an idea, the English give a guess, the Germans have a conviction, the Americans have a reaction.

ASTERISK ON ARTICHOKE

My friend Asterisk put down the last artichoke leaf on his plate, and looked affectionately down upon it. He was a trifle pleased with himself—for all during our dinner-conversation he had been surreptitiously making a design with his leaves, laying them about the edge of the plate in a pattern.

"Do you know," he at last began, taking up his fork for a final attack upon the heart of the artichoke, and peering into it, "it's almost a pity to break into this. Just take a look, will you?"

I bent over the pale green remnant on his plate and saw a design of seed preparation, a miracle of beauty. Soft little bud-seeds set in the shadows of purple against the green silky texture. Within,

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a corona of points, set with infinitesimally precise geometric statement.

"The strange thing about this sort of thing," murmured Asterisk half to himself, as though a thought were trying to be born, "is that so much of this beauty is hidden and secret. Think of the beauty that's hidden inside the shells of sea-animals. What's it there for? Certainly not as a device for the attraction of mates. No."

He sat a while in silence.

"There must be some explanation for so much unnecessary beauty. Must be an explanation. Look at the tracery of design on the sand-dollar, that roundish shell you find on the beach sometimes. Who can explain the pure play of design in that? Nothing functional or purposive about it at all. Sheer play, exquisite and irresponsible. Sometimes I think . . ."

But Asterisk lit a cigarette, sat silent for twenty-four minutes, and left the thought forever dangling in midair. —G.

During the sun-warm days of May, Mrs. Maynard Dixon, wife of the San Francisco painter, spent peaceful weeks on the Carmel sands with her small son Danny. Now a message reaches us written under an etching by Maynard Dixon, showing a corn stalk in the time of full ripeness and announcing the birth of a second son.

The Carmelite this week decreases its page size for greater beauty and more convenient handling; and increases its number of pages from twelve to sixteen.

World News . . .

The Democratic Convention is meeting this week at Houston, Texas. Governor Smith of New York is still the favorite candidate, though Reed of Missouri is a strong second. Partly owing to the efforts of prohibition leaders to push through a stronger plank than they were able to insert in the Republican platform, partly owing to Smith's personal stand against Prohibition, this will undoubtedly be the main issue of the convention. Party leaders are said to deplore this in view of the distinctly political issues of tariff reform, farm relief and alleged corruption under republican rule.

* * * *

The eighth national conference on State Parks opens Tuesday, with sessions both in Los Angeles and San Francisco. In November we will vote on a bond issue of \$6,000,000, for purchase of State Parks throughout California. If this carries, it must be matched dollar for dollar by private gifts, so that, in the end, California will have \$12,000,000 available for these parks. Already some 200 areas have been suggested, among these our own Point Lobos. A Commission is now making a survey of "what lands are suitable and desirable for a comprehensive and well-balanced State park system."

* * * *

A Regional Conference of the Drama and Little Theaters of the West Coast is being held at Pasadena. On Tuesday Pirandello's "Right You Are if You Think So" was given at the Community Playhouse. The succeeding days will be given over to discussion of the problems of the Little Theaters on the Pacific coast, of the Drama League and the future of the drama in America.

* * * *

The Drama League of America in connection with Longmans Green & Co. offers prizes for three different kinds of plays: one-act, full-length and Biblical. Plays must be submitted by September first.

* * * *

In the fastest 4-mile race ever rowed by any college crew, the University of California last week won their first victory in the intercollegiate Poughkeepsie race on the Hudson, and broke the record set by Cornell in 1901. Columbia finished second, Washington University, third.

* * * *

Flying Cloud, who won the Redwood Highway Marathon, will spend his prize-money in education. Sixty-two-year old Melika, winner of the second prize, will buy a flock of sheep.

* * * *

One way of supporting the government was taken by the Radical deputy, Ratchitch, in the National Assembly of Jugoslavia, when he drew his revolver and fired all six rounds into the 'serried ranks'

of the opposition. His aim was good, two dead, six wounded. Among the latter is the famous peasant leader, Stefan Raditch, whose nephew, Paul, sacrificed his life in defense of his uncle.

* * * *

Hatred is long in dying. The late Cardinal Mercier (to whom much must be pardoned) wrote an inscription for the new Louvain Library—"Destroyed by German fury, restored by American generosity." But Ladeuze, the present rector of the university thinks the use of this would revive and perpetuate war hatreds and has directed it shall be left out of the decoration. With what would seem like an ill-time patriotism, Whitney Warren, the American architect, opposes the rector's authority by insisting on the original plan, and an undignified and regrettable wrangle has put a stop to work.

* * * *

With the ice breaking and milling under them, and Nobile's leg fractured by a drifting cake, the SOS calls of the on Sunday by the Swedish aviator, Lieu-stranded crew of the Italia were answered tenant E. Lundberg. Equipping his plane with runners, he made a daring landing on the snow-covered surface of the ice, rescued Nobile and conveyed him to a seaplane which ultimately carried him to the Italian base-ship. But on returning for the others Lundberg's plane was wrecked and he himself stranded, so that the number on the ice remains the same. The rest of the Italia's crew, divided in two parties, have not yet been reached.

THE ROBOT ACHIEVED

A freak of fantasy has come to life. Well, if not to life, at least into concrete reality. The "robot," or mechanical man, will make its first appearance in a department store. These electrical mechanical men will sell package goods, and their phonograph attachments will deliver speeches about the merits and uses of the products in the recorded voices of well-known movie-actors and stage stars. One thing about it is that we, customers, won't feel any compunction about marching out on the "robots" when they turn on their "dearie" sales talk.

Without wishing to be irreverent we feel the following news item should have been headed: "Improving on God":

Jerusalem, Tuesday.

Three heavy locust invasions from the east settled near Tiberias, Nazareth, and Mount Tabor respectively last week, and for four nights field companies armed with flame-throwers and lux lamps were engaged in driving the somewhat somnolent locusts to central points, where they were destroyed in dense masses. The country is in consequence now declared to be clear of flying locusts.

Newly hatched locusts in the Jericho district are being destroyed in their very early stages by sprays of an emulsion compound of kerosene, soap and water.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Group composition in the pre-writing years has come to be recognized as the primary step in the development of skill in oral and written composition. Situations in which a spontaneous expression produces group work offer such as the following:

This school is called the Forest Hill School because it is on a hill in a forest.

We have playthings in the ravine. There are wild flowers, wild bushes and wild ferns. We have birds and squirrels.

We are making a doll house out of boxes. We make paper dolls and furniture to put in it. We are making a little country in the sandpile. We do our work out of doors.

The Forest Hill School is at First and Mission streets.

—Irene Wilson

—Betty Wilson

—Martha Jane McCarter

—James Wilson

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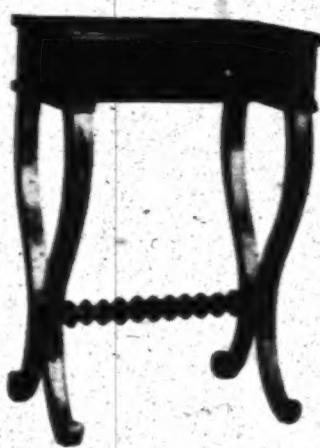
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Childrens Corner . . .

Jo Schoeninger, (12), whose mother is president of the P. T. A., was doing some gardening for a lady living up in the 80-Acres. When he had worked the half-day, and was leaving, the kindly lady, paying him, asked:

"And what is your name, little boy?"

Jo gave his name. The lady was not acquainted with it.

"And what does your mother do?" she asked, interested.

Jo could not remember his mother doing anything special.

"Well," he said, "she just does dishes, and washes clothes and things."

"Well now that's fine," said the kindly lady. "You just take her home this dress and ask her to wash it for me. Tell her to be very careful with it, not to boil it." Jo took home the dress.

"But Jo dear," his mother remonstrated, "I'm much too busy to wash out this dress. The lady misunderstood you. I'll call her up and tell her."

But Jo was miserable. "You can't, mother. You have to wash it. Everybody does things for each other. You'll hurt her feelings. I told her I'd bring it back next time, and you have to wash it."

The dress was a heavy full-skirted poplin, with ruffles and flounces. It looked as if it might belong to an old lady.

"Well, well, I don't mind doing it for some little, old lady," Mrs. Schoeninger said, struggling with the big billowy thing, in the wash tub.

"But she's not old, mother, she's young, she's much younger than you are," Jo said. "Indeed! Well in that case I certainly won't iron it."

The dress, unironed, was returned the next week. Of course the lady was irate. "Why this is no use to me, absolutely no use, unironed," she cried. "Your mother must do better than this."

—V. T.

THE VALUE OF PROPAGANDA

Jim had to have a dose of castor oil. His mother brought it to him sandwiched between lemon and orange juice. Jimmy took a drink, spat it out.

"It's castor oil!"

"Yes Jim, but you simply must take it—"

"Oh, I'll take it all right, but why don't you give it to me on a spoon!"

HERO-WORSHIP DISAPPOINTED

Small boy was an almost idolatrous worshipper of his mighty grandfather. Of him he expected all good and noble things.

"Has grandfather a harmonica?" he wanted to know. It was opined that grandfather had not. A pause of consternation and disappointment. Then hope dawned courageously again. "But has he rubber boots?"

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LO ! THE POOR NATIVE !

Samoa is under the mandate of New Zealand. The Administrator of Samoa has issued a circular on the rights and duties of a mandated country, in Samoan, that the natives may understand under what kind of a government they live. This is some of it:—

Q. What Government is Samoa under?
A. The Government of Great Britain.

Q. Is it possible for Samoa to be taken away from Great Britain?—A. No.

Q. Why is Samoa under the care of New Zealand?—A. Because his Majesty the King gave Samoa to the Government of New Zealand to control and to make the welfare of the Samoan people the primary care.

Q. Has the League of Nations any control over Samoa?—A. No.

Q. What is the connection between Samoa and the League of Nations?—A. Once a year a report is read by the Committee called the Mandates to ascertain if the Mandatory agreement is being carried out, and from the report will be known what good work is being done so that such good work may be followed by any other mandates (sic!).

Q. In the event of a Samoan not being satisfied may such person appear before the League of Nations or meet the Mandates Commission?—A. No, he will not be received.

Q. Should such a person send a letter (petition) to the League of Nations, will the League receive it and give it any consideration?—A. No, they will return such a letter to the Government of the country (sic!) because the League of Nations is not a Government.

"It is regrettable that the native should be misled in this way," states the Manchester Guardian, the finest liberal paper in England.

It is regrettable that all liberal opinion has been misled about the League of Nations. Perhaps it is from the Samoans that we shall learn the truth. One might say "out of the mouths of babes and administrators." —E. W.

THE ART CENTER OF THE WORLD

A timid lady came to the door and knocked just as we were emerging from the shower.

"I know I mustn't bother you," she said, but I've just come down from Berkeley, and I was told at the newspaper office that you were the person I wanted to see." What could it be? She was plump, and flushed from hurrying down through the uneven path. Her flowered silk dress, and the pink smock over it, were rumpled from brushing through the blackberry bushes. Her appearance gave no clue as to her errand.

"I inquired at the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce," she said, "and asked who I could get to teach me to carve linoleum blocks. And they said Carmel was the one place to learn. So as this was my vacation, I just drove down for a few days to take some lessons." —V. T.

Dr. Raymond Brownell

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Books . . .

WHAT NOT TO READ IN FICTION

When in our last issue I read that "the book department will next week provide a summary of the season's important books" I looked forward to a week's vacation, flavored pleasantly with back numbers of *Life* and *Judge*, while some more unfortunate spread his verdicts over my column. But an editorial finger pointed accusingly at me, and the sentence "Thou art the Goat" fell on me like the crack of doom. What else could I do, I ask, than scrabble together such 'Reviews' as met my eye in a hasty raid through living-room and library? But these merely confirmed me in what I had already suspected: that there are no important books since 'last season.'

Fiction of course must head any desired list for vacation reading, even among the highest-browed. But through all the serious reviews of recent novels runs a note of extreme irritation. "Better a thousand times thou hadst ne'er seen the light of day" is their unspoken judgment upon these feeble children of somebody else's fancy. Willa Cather's "Death Comes to the Archbishop" and Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey" still set a high-water mark for American fiction. Therefore when I say there is a new book, "Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers" by Frances Newman (famous or infamous inventor of "The Hard-boiled Virgin"); that Sinclair Lewis has done over Babbitt in the guise of "The Man who Knew Coolidge"; that Ludwig Lewisohn brings another Jew to America in "The Island Within," of which the first part is pronounced 'an epic' while the second half is "a rather common thematic drama"; that Thomas Beer's "The Road to Heaven" is said to be "hokum polished to almost unbearable radiance"; that Donn Byrne's "Crusade," which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post and was therefore read as a serial by every 100-per center, is, tragically enough, his very last book—I should like my announcement of these to be as impersonal as the radio. I've not read them; I did read "Bad Girl" and reflected on its need of an Elizabethan sub-title: The Moron Mother's Handbook of Maternity. Thus suitably described it might, without the aid of Boston censors, have died a-borning.

"A Mirror for Witches" by Esther Forbes is said to be done by "a pen that is as witty as it is tender." And for those who love to rock their minds asleep with the pure beauty of lyric prose, I can recommend (having surprisingly read it) Elinor Wylie's "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard."

Exceedingly apt for the choice of any of these is the naive advice of a 'new spring books' advertisement: "close your eyes and choose." Or with more originality you might figure out a gambler's system: as, the 7th book on the 7th shelf; or, from 28 deduct 19 and add the final figure of your age.

But why taint the pure air of a Carmel vacation with the latest in fiction? Still and always there remain Meredith, Hardy, Conrad. If you count yourself among the young 'intelligentsia' I wager you have never met Richard Feverel, Diana of the Crossways, Tess, or Clym Yeobright. Or, if you began your novel-reading in the 90's, you may well greet such fine friends again. Certainly never and nowhere in this season's fiction will you thrill to the splendor of such a delineation as 'Queen of the Night' in *The Return of the Native*.

But if you must be up to date, choose from the translations of modern European fiction. Fritz von Unruh's "Way of Sacrifice," written toward the end of the war by command of the German General Staff and immediately suppressed by them; Thiess' "The Gateway to Life;" Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain," "Buddenbrooks," "Death in Venice;" Feuchtwanger's "The Ugly Duchess;" Wassermann's "The Unheeding World;" and for uncanny analysis, Schnitzler's "Dawn." All these tower, Magic Mountains, above the futile gestures of our dwellers in the plains. For, despite the pronunciamento of a recent lecturer here that "the cycle of European culture is closed," the most significant books, as the most significant music, the most significant pictures, still are brought to life across the Atlantic, where there are still standards as well as impulses.

—K. P. G.

AN IRISH POET VISITS AMERICA

A. E.—(George Russell—editor, poet, painter, mystic, as well as publicist and economist, a rich and manifold nature, feels his heart beat quicker with the sensation of the immense power of the builders of those monstrous cliffs of steel and concrete that blaze in the evening light as his steamer comes into New York harbor,—a gigantic mass of heaven-assailing architecture.

"Architecture," he says, "is the great contemporary American art. Our civilization is in that first stage where there is a mastery over the plastic arts, because there is a physical vitality equal to any labor." Entering the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania station, he feels almost that the head should be bared, and speech be in whispers, so like do they seem in their vastness to temples of the mysteries.

As to the people, "they are young in their minds," but not incompetent. "They were no bunglers who built those great cities, whatever graft may have gone into their making. Not subjective, they look outward rather than inward. The activity is so tremendous that people are called away from their central depths to the surfaces."

He thinks America not an extension of European culture, a child of Europe; but, as a child may, is developing a powerful character of its own. What is to dominate and inspire is yet unmanifested, not noticeable in more than a few minds. "What is

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arriving or to arrive in the States?" he questions.

He thinks of it as some mood of planetary consciousness,—can find no closer term.

He sees the railway, steamship, cable, wireless, swift-evolving air-transport, economic organization, as the evolution of a nervous system interlocking the planets. He notices that the writers who form the spiritual germ-cell of American culture—Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, and their school—think and write as naturally of themselves as Children of the Earth, as they do of themselves as American Citizens.

He says: "A planetary consciousness, I surmise, will grow up through centuries in this astonishing people, warring with its contrary idea, which also has its own meaning and just basis. Our human faculties are burnished by their struggle with opposites in ourselves; and no less is it true of ideas which become dominant in great civilizations."

—C. H. B.

WHAT DOES THIS PROVE

A sufficiently inquisitive person ought to be able to find out something about what influences a community's state of mind, point of view, and general behavior, by what it reads. We started out with the thesis that Carmel being a vacation center, the reading done here would be mostly trivial. But if we had wanted to prove any hypothesis in the world, the results of our investigation would have upset it.

Here is a list from a library of the recent reading of thirteen well-known Carmelites. What it seems to prove is simply that everybody reads everything, nobody knows why.

A druggist reads: "The Hairy Ape" and "Op o' Me Thumb." An architect: John Martin's Book, *Orage*, Comte de Gabalis. A lawyer: "Trader Horn," Du Barry, "The New Reformation," "Strange Interlude." A real estate agent: Anatol France, Stanislavski's "My Life in Art." A landscape gardener: "Light on the Path," "The American Caravan." A nurse: "Heavenly Discourse," "Helen of Troy," "Bridge of San Luis Rey." A feminist: Ernest Hemingway, H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, Hugh Walpole. An artist reads simply "The Birth of the Gods." A school teacher: de Maupassant, Paul Morand. A photographer: "The Emperor Jones," Keyserling's "Book of Marriage." A dramatist: Emily Dickinson's poetry, Judge Lindsey's "Companionate Marriage." A psychologist: Leonardo da Vinci. AND a grandmother: Napoleon, "The Sun Also Rises," Keyserling's "Book of Marriage."

If anybody can find the key to this, please communicate at once. Some momentous conclusion ought to be drawn from it

—V. T.

NO MEETING

No meeting of the City Planning Commission was held this week as scheduled, because of the absence from Carmel of its chairman.

Youngest Set . . .

Martin Flavin, Jr. presented by his mother with a type-writer on his last birthday, when he turned 7, can type doubly as quickly as he can write. His literary output has been greatly increased since he learned this legible mode of expression.

* * * *

Johnny Flavin (4) is making a study of sea and animal life at the Highlands.

* * * *

Rosemary, (four months) and Mary (2) Barderwick are going to San Francisco next week. Rosemary has some business with the doctor as she did not manage to get born quite correctly. They will take a flat in San Francisco, and plan to take their mother along. Their father, Big Pete, will meanwhile continue his services to Carmel in the red 'bus.

* * * *

Peter Breinig (4) is engaged in constructing an airplane. As he finds that his work makes considerable inroads into his time he would prefer visits to his airdrome by appointment only.

* * * *

Janie Hopper (10) is camping in the mountains at Grizzly Flats, El Dorado County, with her sister and brother-in-law, Beth and Bill Hunkins, and her sister Marian Hopper. Marian teaches the country school at Grizzly Flats and has ten pupils.

* * * *

Max and David Hagemeyer have taken Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer (their mother) to Halcyon for a three months' rest.

* * * *

Rehearsals of "Inchling," Rem Remsen's play to be produced at the Forest Theater by Miss Irene Alexander this summer, have been somewhat delayed by an epidemic of tonsil-removal. However, the pardoned, acquitted and unaccused meet every morning at ten o'clock, and keep the costume Committee busy.

EXCELSIOR!

Virginia Tooker, who began as office boy and doorman to the Carmelite, is so distinguishing herself in editorial eyes, that she has become Staff Artist. In the words of "The Front Page," Virginia "knows her linoleum." With nothing more than a piece of the kitchen floor to work on, she carves out heads of immortals like Dempsey and Ankrum.

SWIMMING LESSONS FOR CARMEL

A group of youngsters goes every Tuesday and Friday morning from the little Cass Street School in Monterey, to swim at the Del Monte Pool. Karl, the eldest son of the renowned Pop Ernst, is the teacher. After the swim there are sun baths.

AUTHORITATIVE PRAISE

Jesse Lynch Williams, author, playwright and critic, was talking quietly the other day about drama in Carmel and waxed enthusiastic about Morris Ankrum's production of "The Importance of Being Earnest."

"It is high comedy," he said "and that is difficult both to write and act; but this performance went extremely well; no doubt due to the good direction, it was played lightly and quickly all through, and with what old Gillette used to call "the illusion of the first time."

The sets of Stanley Wood were extremely distinguished, and several of the actors had something like English diction instead of the pseudo-English diction of the stage which is more usually heard. I really enjoyed the performance; I had no idea they could do it."

JOHN BOVINGDON ON THE WAY

If you see a bright youth on the streets of Carmel,—so very bright,—on Friday or thereabouts,—with his feet in hand-fashioned sandals; and a look somewhat between that of a super-athlete and a Greek god; and a voice ringing with contagious laughter that manages in a short space to include everyone and everything . . . why, that's John Bovingdon, dancer, vagabond, and philosopher. He will remain in Carmel this time but for a day or two . . . but it is possible that on his return he may bring with him one or two of his great gongs from the temples of Java, to give a dance-recital. He comes just now from dance-recitals in Spain, France and Hollywood.

THE GREATEST LIVING WOMAN

Miss Jane Addams, who has been adjudged of all living women to have been of greatest service to her times, will come to Carmel in July for a rest of two weeks, before proceeding on her way to the Peace Conference at Honolulu.

My City

Tenderness and pity
And Love alone
Shall build my city,
Stone on stone.

Those beneath a steeple
Of whirling air
Shall be my people,
Praying there.

Who shall make Love cover
Both star and sod,
He shall be my lover
And my God.

—Sara Bard Field,
from "The Pale Woman."

Education . . .

FROM TWO SCHOOLS WHICH ARE MAKING HISTORY

Among educators on the Pacific coast, the "Ojai Valley School," set in a little valley inland from Santa Barbara, is one of the most heartening facts. Susan Porter of Carmel, who sent her daughter there, has said of it that it is a school in which the commonplace simply does not happen. What does happen has, however, a serenity and a quality of distinction for which the personalities of its teachers are finely responsible. Each of these is, in his own field, an artist. No cheap and trivial music, for instance, is ever heard there. The superlative beauty of the ages is chosen for them, to nourish the creative forces of these youngsters.

In the personality of Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thompson, its principal, who is shortly to be in Carmel as the guest of the Joseph Schoeningers, this serene quietness is exquisitely conveyed. With her will be another educator who has made history.—Flora Cooke, principal of the Francis Parker School of Chicago, to which teachers and parents all over the world are grateful for the visible achievement of an educational ideal.

Miss Halldis Stabell who will give an illustrated lecture open to the public, on July twelfth, at the Golden Bough, says: "The structure of the human body is meant to maintain itself at its very best from the beginning of life, if we learn its mechanism."

In the future, all nature movies for children, presented at the Golden Bough Theatre at seven o'clock on evenings when films are shown will be selected especially for Carmel children by the University of California.

A student goes to college because it is the right thing to do. He enters and announces: "Here I am. I dare you, I double dare you to try to teach me something!" Invariably he wins.

A BURGLAR WHO WOULDN'T STEAL

A burglar, after thirty years of criminal life, was freed from the penitentiary. He has a job in the movies, working on prison films.

When he had done all that was needed, Metro-Goldwyn asked him to stay on their pay roll, at \$125 a week, even if there was no work at present: there might be some later.

"No," said the criminal. "No work, no pay. I've quit stealing."

The burglar was Jack Black, whose widely read book, "You Can't Win" has just gone into a cheap edition (.75c).



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Absurdities . . .

IMMORTAL WORDS

The rumors kept coming in. "He's getting a shave at Paul's," some one called in the window, breathlessly. But we were busy. "She's buying a dress!" "He's walking up to the garage!" But when at length we heard that they were both together cornered in the inner sanctuary of Tilly's looking at antiques, we could bear it no longer.

We strode fearlessly through the crowd that had gathered gaping at a respectful distance from the honored doorway. Awe-stricken, the crowd watched as we broke through, entered the portals, stormed past an array of imported glassware, and—

There they were. Sure enough, it was Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, and a large bag of cherries, and they were all engaged at once surveying a teakwood chest, while Tilly stood modestly by with the pale young man from a cigar store who had been showing the celebrities the town. "And how do you like Carmel?" we ventured, having caught Mr. Dempsey's mild and bovine eye. Janie Johnston was with us, and if we didn't ask it, she would.

Then came the immortal words, the only ones, so far as we know, spoken by him to any interviewer in town.

"Sure," he said. "Fine. Very nice. First trip."

Estelle smiled voluptuously. —V. T.



THE CHAMP HIMSELF

ABALONE!

After we had read all four of the Front Pages (copyright by the Abalone League) through, we turned ourself around and upside down and read them again, for fear of missing the fifth. What we need to know is, whether you begin with page one, and then read on through page one to page one. Or whether, on the other hand, you reverse the process and read from page one to page one?

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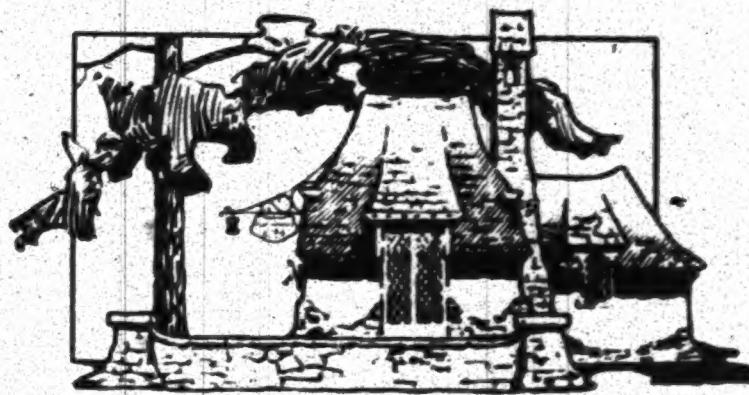
ROGER STURTEVANT PHOTOGRAPHS

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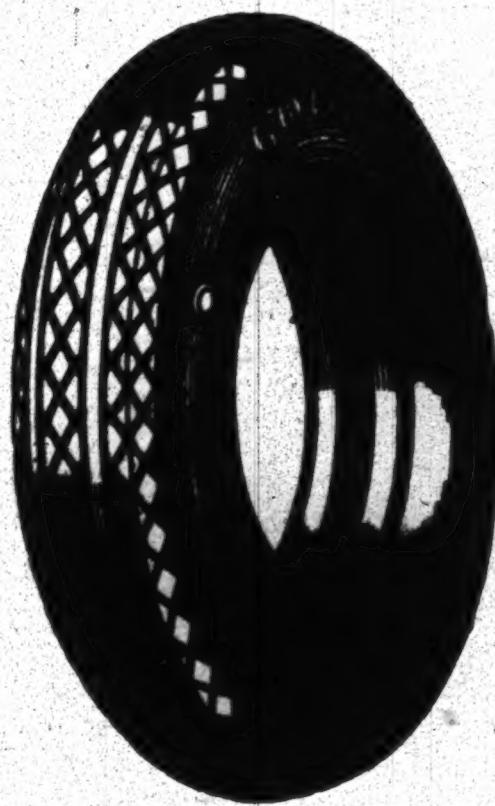


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Signed: F. A. Wermuth Transfer, F. A. Wermuth.
Jun 13-20-27

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